29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8



583 bride requires only four things—a meat-knife, a sewing-kit, a lamp, and a cooking-pot. Everything else—the home, skins, tools, and weapons—the bridegroom supplies, and in exceptional cases even the cooking-pot and the lamp.

114 48 We travelled as long as there was twilight, passing the snow-hut we had made on the outward journey and building a new one a few miles beyond. There was much confusion when the six of us gathered inside to eat our supper; but the confusion grew worse when we tried to settle down for the night, because the hut, erected in the darkness, was too small, and we could not all stretch out on the platform with our heads toward the door. Finally we compromised. Wealthy's cousin, who had no sleeping-gear, sat up all night, while I turned my bag the other way and slept with my head unpleasantly close to the back wall. Even so we were squeezed as tightly as books on a shelf. There were certainly no regrets when morning came and we set the sled in motion again.

159 58 The girls married a few weeks later. To the best of my knowledge one remained quite satisfied with the husband of her choice, or rather with the husband her relatives selected, for maidens seldom had the liberty to choose for themselves. The other fared differently. Her husband, after living with her for nine months, sent her away on that familiar plea, "incompatibility of temperament." Her adopted father then married

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her to his nephew, who divorced her within three weeks for the same reason. Since she was barely fifteen years of age even after her second marriage, and could easily secure a third husband whenever she wished, we persuaded her relatives to grant her a year of freedom. Childhood came back to her during these months of respite; and no girl in the country seemed happier. Finally she married a young Eskimo brought in by some traders from the Mackenzie River delta; but of her subsequent history I have no record.

Palaiyak and I returned to Bernard Harbour about the middle of January, for Anderson wished me to join him on a trip up the Coppermine River. We conducted to our station an Eskimo family and Ikpuck's step-daughter Sculpin, one of the two little girls who had tended my blubber-lamp. Scuplin, or Jennie, as my colleagues christened her, became a general favourite through her frank smile and merry laughter. More intelligent than most of her people, she knew how to keep out of our way, and spent many quiet hours in a corner mending the rents in our clothing, or gazing at the pictures in our books.

My scientific equipment included an Edison recording phonograph and a number of blank cylinders. Now that I had gathered at the station a small party of Eskimos easily handled and fairly familiar with our ways I used the opportunity to record some of their dance-songs. The Eskimos had paid little attention to